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Holy Times and Scenes.

H O L Y T I M E S

AND

S C E N E S.



CAMBRIDGE :

JOHN THOMAS WALTERS.

LONDON: JAMES BURNS.

MDCCCXLVI.



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RE
SPECT
TO

TO

OUR DEAR MOTHER,

The Church of England,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS,

WITH HUMBLE REVERENCE

AND DEEP AFFECTION,

INSCRIBED.

853806



;

P R E F A C E.

SOME apology, perhaps, may be needful, for venturing to make an addition, however slight, to the already overflowing numbers of Books of Poetry. The only apology which the present writer has to offer may be made in a few words.

The composition of the following little work has soothed his own troubles, and lightened his cares, and made the scenes and thoughts of solitude dear to him:—and if it shall but infuse one leavening thought of holiness into the surrounding mass of evil, and incite one struggling

spirit to aim at higher and better things,—to see **GOD** in every thing, and in seasons of distress to look to Him, and remain firm to Him and our Holy Mother,—it will at least have done some good, and he will have received a good reward.

J. S. T.

S. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

Conversion of S. Paul, 1846.

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P O E M S.

Kirkstall Abbey.

IT was a lovely eve : the glowing sun,
Wrapped in a golden mantle, sunk to rest
O'er the far hills, whose dark'ning summits run
In varied outline 'gainst the burning west:

And o'er the ancient Abbey, his rich blaze
Luxurious he poured ; and gilded all
The broken tower, and pinnacles, which raise
Their heads to heaven, above the ivied wall.

A beauteous pile, which piety had reared
To His blest honour, Who our souls has won ;
There was He loved, and worshipped, and revered,
And holy things of heaven were sought alone ;

Yet not alone was Contemplation here,
But holy deeds were theirs, that blessed love
Inflamed their hearts, which bid them freely share
Their goods among the Poor, and lay up store above.

Here did the holy song, the heavenly psalm,
 The seven-fold service day by day arise,
 And in the cloisters' deep and solemn calm,
 Fair Meditation soared beyond the skies.

Now, o'er the hanging tower, the ivy strays,
 And round the dark grey stones its arms entwine,
 And in the evening breeze the tender sprays
 Their bright leaves toss, amid the sweet sunshine.

Ever beautiful thou art,
 Holy Abbey, ruin fair!
 Still around my inmost heart,
 Thy dear beauties pictured are :

Surely spirits love to keep
 Thee from time's corroding hand ;
 Nearly do the angels weep
 To see thee crumbling to the sand :

Now when Autumn's varied hues,
 And the Aire's o'erflowing stream,
 Bid the heart to think and muse
 That earth's blessings transient seem ;

Thou amid th' Autumnal day,
 In grey majestic state art seen,
 Gently falling to decay,
 Telling out the same I ween.

The Church.

“ Who is She that looketh forth as the morning ? ”—*Cantic. vi. 10.*

THE darkness flies, each glowing star
 Fades gently, as on jewelled car
 Bright morning drives the night away,
 And ushers in the gladsome day ;
 And o'er the dim and distant hills
 With dancing light each object fills.
 Now to the blue of deepest night
 Succeeds a tinge of purple light,
 Then crimson fills the eastern sky,
 (Whose various shades continuous fly,)
 Anon a golden net is spread
 O'er the blue heaven over-head,
 And then, his daily course begun,
 Bursts through the clouds the rising sun.
 Thus when the world in midnight gloom,
 In darkness deeper than the tomb,
 Was sunk ; the holy Church arose,
 The darkness fled, and all man's foes—
 Crimson with blood, she raises high
 Her martyr-hand, and doth defy
 Earth, Satan, and the Flesh.—She bears
 Her red-cross banner to the stars ;
 Pours her rich blessings on the meek,
 The humble, suffering, and the weak,
 Brings down to earth, sweet, heav'nly love,
 And raises earth to heaven above.

Church Bells.

YE, sweet bells,
 Whose music swells
 And dies away,
 Tell me, pray,
 Wherein lies your heavenly charm?

Comes it hence,
 That raptured sense
 Is borne along
 By sweet song?
 Or can you evil thoughts disarm?

Or, that round,
 Your silv'ry sound,
 Like Angels' voice,
 Bids rejoice,
 And fills the heart with holy calm?

Yes, ye tell
 (How sweet! how well!)
 Of peace from Heaven
 To man given,
 And of the souls' most cheering balm.

The Primrose.

PRETTY flower ! full of grace,
Welcome to thy humble place,
There thou may'st with flow'rets pale
Fill with beauty all the vale.

Thou dost seek a lowly lot,
Content to be by all forgot ;
Sheltered by some friendly tree :
Thou art happy thus to be !

Oh ! may we a lesson gain
From the primrose of the plain :
Learn humility to love,
Fittest flower for heaven above.

Thou ! O LORD, O GOD, most high,
Whose all-searching, holy Eye
Seest our inmost thoughts, remove
From us, of pride and fame the love.

Brookline.

WITHIN thy simple, bright blue eye
 There seems to dwell a little sky,
 Sweet flow'ret of the stream !

And thus our eye should ever bear,
 The hue of heaven pictured there
 In calm, deep love, I deem.

And thou dost love the streamlet clear,
 And round the welling fount appear
 Thy pretty blossoms, gay.

Like the bright flowers of holiness,
 The garland of the bridal dress,
 Prepared for that great Day,

Which grow around the cleansing flood
 Of Holy Baptism, where CHRIST's blood,
 Washed all our sins away.

—

The lovely flowers, that deck the field,
 And cover all the plain,
 And unto us their fragrance yield ;
 Were these then made in vain ?

Ah, no ! The Great CREATOR's Will,
Which, out of nothing, made
Each plain, and valley, and each hill,
And earth's foundations laid ;

Each, in its proper season, gives
To minister to Him,
That everything that breathes or lives,
Might His dear praises hymn.

Shall man alone his MAKER's praise
Neglect to celebrate,
When birds their joyous voices raise,
And sing at "heaven-gate" ?

And shall the flowers and grass so green,
With beauty fill each place,
And GOD's own House alone be seen
Void of each form of grace ?

H Y M N S.

LORD, unto Thy praise and glory,
 May my thoughts and actions be,
 While I dwell on sacred story,
 Contemplating Heaven and Thee.

The Nativity of our Blessed Lord.

BLESSED JESUS ! Thou in love
 Dost descend from Heaven above,
 And art born of Virgin mild,
 A holy, sinless, perfect CHILD.

Thou, the SON of GOD most high,
 Comest here for us to die ;
 And to cleanse Thine own from stain,
 "Dost not the Virgin's womb disdain."

In a manger art Thou laid
 By that pure and gentle Maid,
 SON of David ! Israel's KING !
 Now Thou dost Salvation bring.

Thou, the Day-spring from on high,
 Risest, and the shadows fly :
 From the joyful East art Thou,
 A King, 'fore Whom all earth shall bow !

The Annunciation.

Lo ! from Heaven, quick descending,
 Comes the blessed Gabriel,
 And his course to Mary wending
 Beareth words ineffable.

Now the Devil's power is shaking,
 Yet he knows not why or how,
 At its very centre breaking
 Yields to the Almighty blow.

Now the graceful flowers are blushing
 Fresh and fair o'er nature's face ;
 And the living founts new gushing,
 Sparkle with a livelier grace.

Now the joyful day is lengthening,
 Night's dark empire wanes apace ;
 Now the sun, his heat new strengthening,
 Longer runs his daily race.

When the Virgin pure is kneeling,
 Rapt in holy prayer and praise ;
 Bearing tidings of man's healing,
 She with fear and deep amaze

Sees the holy angel enter
 Deep within her lowly cell,
 Where no mortal man doth venture,
 Where purity and meekness dwell.

She wondered at the salutation,
 “ Mary, hail ! thrice blessed thou,
 With thee is the world’s Salvation,
 Most favoured among women now.”

The mysterious Incarnation,
 Then the holy angel told ;
 That the Joy of every nation,
 The Desire of Saints of old,

From her holy womb proceeding,
 Comes from heaven, the earth to save ;
 And His lambs, a Shepherd feeding
 More than royal David brave :

That His Kingdom ever growing
 Wide and wider o’er the earth ;
 Nations to it ever flowing,
 Should obtain a holy birth :

From a little stone, a mountain
 Should o’erspread the living world ;
 And a little welling fountain,
 Least that o’er the pebbles purled,

Should become a mighty ocean,
 Vast, and deep, and infinite,
 Ever growing without motion,
 Ever conquering without might.

The Visitation of Elisabeth.

WHERE Judea's mountains tower,
 And with flocks are covered o'er,
 And from the refreshing shower,
 Plenteously their treasures pour;

Where a beauteous fountain welling
 Trickles down the mountain-side,
 There unto a priestly dwelling,
 Then the holy Virgin hied.

Then the hills with joyful leaping,
 And the mounts with solemn nod,
 Then the clouds in volumes heaping,
 Bowed before th' Eternal GOD.*

Meekly trod the holy Maiden,
 Chaste and spotless as the snow,
 With transcendent Treasure laden,
 Came to dwell on earth below.

Blessed is the holy Mother
 Of the everlasting Son,
 Blessed was she as no other
 Since the days of time have run.

* See "Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary," page 218.

Now to GOD with deep devotion,
 From the holy Maiden's breast
 Burst with rapturous emotion
 That song of her the ever blest.

Then again the mountains leaving
 For the humble, lowly plain,
 She the blessed in believing
 Seeks her humble cot again.

The Nativity.

Now the Time by prophets spoken
 Of the promise made to them,
 By Him, Whose Word cannot be broken,
 “ That at lowly Bethlehem,

“ Where the holy David dwelling
 Once a lowly shepherd boy,
 To the harp's melodious swelling
 Chanted forth his psalms of joy,

Should arise a Star of Glory
 Shedding light on all around ;”
 (As we read in Sacred Story)
 Had by His command come round ;

Then within that royal city
Came the prophet's daughter meek,
Yet nowhere did any pity
Her so gentle, her so weak.

In a cave where cattle feeding,
Lowed around the Mother mild,
While the world passed by unheeding
She brought forth th' Eternal CHILD.

Everlasting praise be given
Unto Thee EMMANUEL,
Thou the Eternal LORD of Heaven
Comest now with man to dwell;

Angels lost in adoration
Seeing Heaven bowed to earth,
Rapt in silent contemplation
Ponder o'er Thy wondrous Birth.

Yea, they shall for ever ponder,
Lost in thought unspeakable,
O'er the everlasting wonder,—
GOD hath deigned with man to dwell.

The Shepherds.

WHERE the shepherds meek are waking
 Keeping guard throughout the night ;
 Suddenly the heavens breaking,
 Poured around resplendent light :

Then an Angel quick descended,
 Clothed in holy majesty ;
 While the men with awe attended,
 Wondering at what they see,

Heard the angel's exhortation,
 " Fear ye not, for joy I bring,
 Tidings of the world's salvation,
 Of the birth of Israel's King :

" In a manger lying lowly,
 In the city, where of old
 Royal David, pure and holy,
 Watched o'er his father's fold :

" Where the beasts around are stalled,
 Ye shall find the newly born ;
 Him, Who CHRIST the LORD is called,
 Bringer of a glorious morn."

Scarce the holy one had ended
These sweet words of comforting,
When a heavenly host descended,
And with joy their praises sing ;

“ Unto GOD, Who in the heaven
Dwells, be everlasting praise ;
Peace on earth to man be given,
And goodwill through all his days.”

When the shepherds heard the greeting,
And the angels went away ;
Each began with bosom beating,
To his neighbour thus to say,

“ Let us seek the lowly dwelling,
Where amid the lowing beasts,
As we heard the angels telling,
The SAVIOUR of the world now rests.”

The Epiphany.

SEE ! from where the purple morning
Gladdens o'er the dark blue sky,
With its glorious tints adorning
All the fading canopy,

Kings their royal offerings bearing
Myrrh, and frankincense, and gold,
In a mystery declaring
What the prophets had foretold :

First with incense sweet adoring
Him th' eternal LORD of all ;
Then at His blest Feet outpouring
Gold, as humble subjects fall ;

Next the bitter myrrh, in token
Of His Manhood sad and grieved,
Of His Wounds, and Body broken,
Of His Mother so bereaved.

The Passion.

OH that I might before mine eyes,
 By Faith behold that Sacrifice !
 Trace out Thy blood-stained steps, and see
 All Thy great Love endured for me.

Oh by that bloody Sweat that Thou
 Poured forth from Thy Almighty brow ;
 And by that Agony of soul,
 Thou barest for me, LORD, make me whole !

And by Thy deep resigned prayer,
 When none did in Thy sorrow share ;
 By that sad prayer, thrice offered, LORD,
 In sorrow, joy to me afford !

By Thy Betrayal, LORD, by one
 To whom Thou hadst Thy bounty shewn,
 Who oft had heard Thy Words of Life,
 Keep me, I pray, from evil strife.

O CHRIST ! O JESUS dear !
 How sad, how deep, appear
 Thy bitter woes !

Thine Head with crown of thorn,
Thy back with scourges torn,
With murd'rous blows,

Till Thy Blood streams around,
And covers o'er the ground,
With purple tide.

Thee blows and spit defil'd,
Yet Heavenly JESUS mild !
Thou didst abide !

Betrayed, and left by all
By Peter's three-fold fall,
Pained to Thy Heart.

O LORD ! how deep ! how vast !
The woes upon Thee cast,
How keen their smart !

How are Thy holy Feet,
Dragged rudely through the street !
(Those Feet of peace.)

Though Pilate Thee confest
Guiltless, O JESU blest
Their taunts ne'er cease.

LORD, Thou wast with cords of love
 Bound, our bondage to remove,
 Bound, to free from misery,
 Bound, to fix our soul on Thee,
 Bound, with rough and savage bands,
 Bound, by sinners' evil hands,
 Bound, to set the sinner free,
 Bound, and led to mockery,
 Mocked and scourged and spit upon,
 Thou barest this, for what I've done ;
 Death was my due, O LORD, but Thou
 Wouldst thus Thy bounteous goodness shew.

How was His sacred Body sore defaced
 With the long furrows that the plowers make !
 His Head, in mockery, with thorns they haste
 To crown, then bow before a King so weak !

Led through the streets, He fainting bore his Cross,
 And up the Hill of Death, He meekly went,
 (Henceforth the Hill of Life, for there our loss
 Was all redcemed, by His Body rent.)

There, on the bitter wood, the Victim bled,
 And, from His gaping wounds, the fountain pure
 For sin and for uncleanness, forth was shed :
 A font of cleansing ever to endure.

Resurrection.

ACROSTIC.

RAISE the high hymn to Him Who died ;
Exalt, and praise the Crucified,
Sing, and loud thanksgivings raise
Upon each instrument of praise ;
Rend the high heaven with shouts of joy,
Repeat again, again employ
Every power that we possess,
CHRIST is risen, let us bless
The Author of our happiness !
JESUS, LORD ! let me abide
Only near Thy pierced Side,
'Neath Thy wings, me ever hide !

Ascension.

THE heavens for their mighty KING
 Prepare, when He shall captive bring
 Captivity, and bear it high
 In triumph, far above the sky.
 They take their harps, they stand, they wait
 For His Return, at Heaven's gate.—
 He comes!—then bursts the holy song
 Far through the aisles of Heaven; and long
 Re-echoes through th' Eternal Hall.
 Ten thousand chariots at His call
 Roll down to earth, (like thunder loud
 Their noise,) and the Angelic crowd
 (Ten thousand times ten thousand) all
 Before His awful Presence fall:
 Then bursts the hymn afresh and fills
 With joy the Everlasting Hills.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise,
 And with the trumpets' mighty voice,
 Sing praises to the conquering KING
 Again, again your praises sing
 To GOD, and make the heavens ring;
 Lift up your heads, ye Portals great;
 And thou, O Everlasting Gate!
 And CHRIST, the Conqueror of Sin,
 The KING of Glory, shall come in.
 Glory to Thee, and praises sweet,
 Blessing, and honour, as 'tis meet,
 To Thee, O LAMB of GOD! we give,
 Oh deign the offering to receive.

Pentecost.

SPIRIT of bounty! GOD of Grace!
 Desceend from Heaven, Thy dwelling place,
 To me a worm most vile.
 And grant me, LORD, deep penitence,
 Abundant tears to wash from hencee,
 The sins that so defile.

SPIRIT of Fervour! fill with zeal,
 And let me glowing ardour feel,
 To do Thy blessed will:
 Burn from my soul each impure flame
 My lawless, raging passions tame,
 And bid them, LORD, be still.

Free me from earth's contagion dread,
 From septic doubts when Faith is fled,
 From each deluding snare:
 And fill me, LORD, with rev'rent Faith,
 Increasing day by day, till death
 Shall end this life's career.

SPIRIT of Hope! cleanse Thou my soul,
 And from my heart the dark mists roll,
 And make me full of light;
 That all my hopes to heaven may soar,
 And that blest Hope for evermore,
 May be my soul's delight.

SPIRIT of Love ! with fire divine,
 Fill every thought and act of mine ;
 Let love's deep rapture thrill
 Through every vein, through every limb ;
 Till with an everlasting hymn
 It doth my soul fulfil.

Trinity Sunday.

HOLY, holy, holy, LORD art Thou,
 Thrice blessed Trinity, 'fore Thee we bow :
 The glorious Powers, the Cherubim
 And Seraphim, the glorious hymn
 Of praise eternal raise before Thee ;
 Angels and Archangels bow the knee,
 And prostrate 'fore the throne are praising
 Thy mighty Name, and ever raising
 The song celestial. Most glorious KING,
 Monarch alone of heaven, we bring
 'Fore Thee our humble offering :
 Thou art KING of all, to Thee
 We raise the song of melody.

The Saints.

(See Hebrews xi. 33—38.)

THY saints have fought, and they have won,
And well their courses have they run ;
Kingdoms are theirs, and righteousness,
And glorious promises of bliss ;
Lions were stripped of all their ire,
They quenched the violence of fire ;
For weakness they obtained might,
And were made valiant in the fight ;
The hostile armies turn to flee,
When they Thy Saints in battle see,
Women received to life their dead ;
Others, to cruel torments led,
Wished not deliv'rance to obtain,
That life eternal they might gain.
Others were scourged and mocked and bound,
(Yet faithful unto death were found,)
Imprisoned, stoned, and sawn, and tried,
And by the sword they meekly died,
With fleece of sheep and goat-skins clothed,
And by mankind despised and loathed,
O'er deserts and o'er mountains roam,
They make wild dells and caves their home.
Thus, LORD, Thy Saints the battle fought,
And thus their lives they dearly bought,
Rejoiced in sorrow, shame, and pain,
That Life Eternal they might gain.

LORD, in my earth-bound heart,
The gift of hope impart,
And comfort meet afford
From Thy unerring Word.

From every earthly aim,
The fond pursuit of fame,
Of wealth, and worldly power
(Lasting one poor short hour):

From each engrossing ill,
Which doth my mind oft fill,
And from each sinful end
Which doth Thee, LORD, offend :

Against all these, O LORD,
Thy strength to me afford;
And send me from Above,
Sweet Faith, and Hope, and Love.

Grant me to live, I pray,
Mindful of that Great Day,
When CHRIST, our SAVIOUR dear,
Shall once again appear.

With hope, my heart inspire,
And holy, deep desire
To see Him, and adore
With saints for evermore.

Sorrow.

WHEN with Sorrow, LORD, I faint
 Bencath Thy chastening rod,
 Hear, I pray, my sad complaint,
 Oh! bounteous, loving GOD.

Let Thy SPIRIT's gentle balm
 Assuage my aching breast,
 Infuse a holy, heavenly calm,
 A holy, heavenly rest.

When temptation's awful power
 Distracts my care-worn mind,
 O grant me, then, in evil hour,
 Thy strength'ning Grace to find.

Wealth.

IF ever wealth or worldly fame,
 Should, by Thy gift, be mine,
 Defend me, LORD, by Thy great Name,
 And by Thy might Divine.

But, lest my poor, weak, sinful heart
 Earth's vain delights should snare,
 Oh! let not riches be my part,
 Nor worldly, anxious care.

Love.

LORD of Love ! O JESUS dear !
 Cleanse my heart from every stain,
 From foolish thoughts and purpose vain ;
That 'fore Thee I may appear.

May my soul with Love Divine
 Burn with ardent, deep desire
 (With an everlasting fire,)
To live to Thee, O Saviour mine !

Sweet Thy Love, O LORD most high,
 To sickly souls with sin oppress ;
 'Tis a holy, happy rest,
And Thou art joy, when Thou art nigh.

Sweet Thy Love ! O sweeter far,
 Than all earthly joys can give ;
 Then alone we truly live,
When in our hearts Thy Love we bear.

LIGHT of Light, O JESUS blest!
 Shine upon the path I tread ;
 Guide me to eternal rest,
 And light in darkness o'er me shed.

Star of the East ! Who rose to give
 To fallen man Thyself most dear,
 Rise in my heart, that I may live
 In heavenly love and holy fear.

O Sun of Righteousness most bright !
 With holy zeal my heart inflame ;
 Grant that, to live as in Thy sight,
 May ever be my earnest aim !

O Fount of Love ! eternal springs
 Of living waters grant to me,
 And make me, on Love's eager wings,
 Long to escape and be with Thee.

O King of Kings ! Whose regal crown,
 Once of bitter thorns was made ;
 Who didst the mighty thus put down,
 And cause their earthly crowns to fade ;

Grant to me an humble mind ;
 And far from me, O LORD, remove
 Pride and strife, and let me find,
 That crowning blessing, holy Love.

'Mid dangers, trials, crosses, still
With holy Love my soul fulfil ;
And, amid bright prosperity,
Let Love, O **LORD**, remain to me.

In youth's warm zeal and earnestness,
Let heavenly love each action bless ;
In manhood's strength, and age's snow,
Still on me, **LORD**, the gift bestow.

When in the morn from sleep I wake,
O let me still the gift partake ;
And when the night hath closed around,
Still may it in my heart be found.

O, while life lasts, on me bestow
This gift, surpassing all we know ;
And when I close my eycs in death,
May it be on my latest breath.

And when the awful trump shall sound,
May holy Love with me be found ;
And then, O **LORD**, in Heaven above,
May I e'er love Thee, **GOD** of Love !

The Martyr's Hymn.

LORD ! if to the Martyr's palm
 Thou callest me,
 Give me, I pray, a Faith so calm,
 And fixed on Thee ;
 That sin and Satan may not harm
 In trial sore,
 But do Thou, LORD, their might disarm,
 And on me pour
 Thy SPIRIT's might
 To win the Fight.

And Thou too, fill me, Heavenly Dove,
 With faith, humility, and love,
 To bear the trial of my faith,
 And to be faithful unto death.

Glory to Thee, O Unity,
 Glory to Thee, O TRINITY,
 FATHER of eternal might,
 SON of Glory infinite,
 SPIRIT of wondrous Light,
 Glory to Thee, O LORD, Who dwell'st in Heaven's
 height.

Division.

Now, I beseech, brethren, by the Name of our **LORD JESUS CHRIST**,
that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions
among you.—**1 COR. i. 10.**

HENCE, hateful discord ! source of bitter woe ;
May nevermore the Church this evil know !
Oh may the ardent love that once inflamed
Her holy sons, and to the world proclaimed
Their high devotion to their Master's cause,
Bid them once more obey His blessed laws,
Which to the soul are peace and joy and life,
But 'gainst the haughty world, an earnest strife.
Oh may that unity which once possest
The holy Church, and made her sevenfold blest,
Once more her portion be : O may she rise
To show again before our dazzled eyes,
Her mighty power, her wealth, her wondrous store
Of blessings manifold, on all to shower ;
Her mighty power to crush the foes' fell might,
And drive it into darkness infinite.
Remember, **LORD**, Thy Church's sins no more,
Bind up her gaping wounds, her sickness cure,
Break all her bonds, and make her once more free
To live, **O LORD** our **GOD**, to live to Thee ;
Quicken the languid blood within her veins,
Cleanse her from sin, and wash away her stains :
And as the awful time, that dreadful Day
Of solemn Judgment, when the quickened clay,
Raised from the dust, receives its soul again,
To live in bliss eterne, or lasting pain :

As that dread time draws near, Thy Church restore
 Into her youthful might, while round her roar
 The sea's wild waves, whose foaming volumes pour
 Their force resistless on the sounding shore ;
 And direful portents through the heavens gleam,
 The sun all darkness,—while the moon's red beam
 Shines lurid on the earth ; and all is woe :—
 Oh **LORD**, do then Thy lovingkindness shew,
 And save Thy Church 'mid these sad woes below.

The Village Churchyard.

A SONNET.

A GLORIOUS village church, embowered in trees,
 Bursts on the sight, with heavenward-pointing spire ;
 And in the sycamores, in solemn glees,
 The birds sing hymns, sweet, rich, and full of fire.
 Here lies entombed many a grey-haired sire,—
 A simple cross doth mark with love the spot ;
 Here rest the weary, whom the world's joys tire,
 And many a village saint long since forgot,
 And many an evil man :—And, ah ! pass not
 This sleeping innocent : list to the breeze,
 And then shall fancy, on this hallowed plot,
 Bring to thine ear celestial harmonies
 Of holy Angels that are watching round,
 With hymns incessant, this sweet solemn ground.

Troubles of the Church.

In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.—ISA. xxx. 15.

THE roar of waters rises higher,
Deep, wondrous things foretelling,
Of bitter woes and sorrows dire,
Which, ever and anon, draw nigher
To our beloved dwelling.

O LORD, stretch forth Thy Hand to save,
O hear Thy people's mourning ;
Let not the world's impetuous wave
O'erflow Thy Church, but let her have
Her lamps for ever burning.

LORD, Thou didst say the gates of hell,
Against Thy sorrowing Bride,
Should to destruction ne'er prevail ;
But, as a stream, from comfort's well,
Should flow a holy tide :

Give to Thy people rest and peace,
Our sore divisions heal ;
For, LORD, our enemies ne'er cease
In scorn and madness to increase,
And words as keen as steel.

Saint Michael the Archangel.

(See *Revelations xii. 7, 8.*)

FAST falling from the glorious height
Of heaven, the dragon sunk, till night,
In all its blackness, closed around,
And hovered o'er th' abyss profound.

Now blessed Michael and his band
Of champion Angels conquerors stand,
And raise on high the banner fair,
Far gleaming through the fields of air.

Bright shone the Cross! all heaven with awe,
That wond'rous, mighty symbol saw;
And then, with one accord, all raise
Through the wide heavens the hymn of praise.

The fight is o'er,
The battle won,
And now no more
The Evil One
Shall ever see
The courts of bliss,
Now misery
His portion is.

Glory, glory, **LORD**, to Thee,
Glory to th' Eternal **THREE** ;
Glory to the **LORD** of might,
GOD of **GOD**, and Light of Light,
Whose Majesty is infinite.
Eternal **FATHER**, blest art Thou ;
All Thine Angels 'fore Thee bow ;
Eternal **SON**, to Thee be praise,
Honour, glory, power always ;
Eternal **SPIRIT**, **LORD** of Life,
'Tis Thine to conquer every strife.

The Kingdom of Christ.

The redeemed of the **Lord** shall return, and come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head ; they shall obtain gladness and joy ; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—*Isa. li. 31.*

O HOPE of Hopes ! eternal Hope of bliss !
 Past mortal thought the boundless promise is.
 Heaven is our Home, (Oh wond'rous truth !)
 Where saints shall ever dwell in endless youth.

Though here, 'mid sorrow's dark and saddening hour,
 Our spirit often quails beneath the tempter's power,
 Still let us onward press, the prize to gain,
 Eternal happiness and rest, for pain.

To Zion's Holy Mount, the Church above,
 The ransomed shall return with songs of love ;
 And everlasting joy, Oh blessed thought !
 Shall be their portion, whom the **LAMB** hath bought.

O **Lord**, while time now lasts, may we prepare,
 By holy works, and fasts, and earnest prayer,
 Our souls ; that we may with Thy Saints obtain
 Our rest in Heaven, and ever there remain.

In deepest reverence, LORD, we bow
 Before Thy holy Throne ;
 Worship and praise be offered now,
 To Thee, O GOD, alone.

The angels, rapt in wond'ring awe,
 Thy glorious Name adore ;
 With worship they before Thee draw,
 And forth sweet praises pour.

Holy, O LORD, Eternal THREE,
 Holy, Eternal ONE ;
 Blessed art Thou, and unto Thee
 Shall endless praise be shewn.

Holy art Thou, O FATHER good,
 All-holy is Thy SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, Who on the Flood
 Of Baptism came down.

When, LORD, Thou didst the world create,
 The stars of morning sung,
 And raised their voice with rapture great,
 Till all the heavens rung ;

The Angels caught the melody
 And tuned their harps anew,
 Joying, they raised their song to Thee,
 And blessed Thee, LORD most true.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, ever blest,
They sing with joyfulness, and never rest :
Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD of Light,
To Thee we ever offer praise and might :
Holy, Holy, Holy, GOD of Heaven,
Blessing, and honour, and love be ever given.

O HOLY GHOST, Thy Grace instil
Into my heart, to curb my will,
To calm my passions, purge my soul,
The dimness from my eyes to roll,

To lead my thoughts to heaven's height,
Where Thou to everlasting light
Shalt safely bring th' obedient heart,
And the full draught of bliss impart.

Earth shall fade away,
And rapidly decay:
The forests green and flowery fields,
And all the beauties nature yields,
The beauteous, blushing rose,
And violet that grows
Beneath the gloomy shade of some dark tree,
Shall pass away, nor longer be.
E'en Hope, and holy Faith,
Shall pass away; and death,
Which captive led the world, shall cease;
But holy Love shall aye increase;
This sweetest, loveliest flower
Shall deck the heavenly bower;
And in an endless bliss of love supreme,
The Saints shall sing their everlasting theme.
Thou art worthy to receive
More than we can ever give:
Holy Lamb of GOD, to Thee,
Glory, honour, riches be
Offered evermore.
We all our riehes pour
At Thy blest feet, most pure,
Most Holy Lamb of GOD, Thou ever shalt endure.

The floods have risen high,
The storm is gathering round,
O LORD, do Thou be nigh
Unto Thy servants found.

Far higher than the floods,
(That rush the rocks among,
And, to the echoing woods
Chant their wild forest song,)

Art Thou, Thou rulest o'er
The floods, the sounding waves,
And waterfalls whose thunders roar
In deep romantic caves.

Thy voice their raging stills,
And bids the storm to cease ;
Making of torrents, murmuring rills ;
Of raging waters, peace.

Evening.

To Thee, O dearest LORD, to Thee,
Be all I have of harmony.—

Thou, LORD, hast made the evening calm ;
Soothing as Gilead's precious balm ;
The birds their vespers sing to Thee,
And pour their honied melody ;
All nature speaks Thy praise ; the trees,
Which calmly wave amid the breeze,—
The streamlet sinking as to rest,
The dark'ning sky, the ruddy west,
The cuckoo's note, the fishes' leap
At may-fly fluttering o'er the deep,
The nightingale's sweet liquid song,
The cawing rooks, which sail along
The liquid air, the tinkling bell
Of grazing sheep, or solemn knell
That calls to prayer from some grey tower
Of village church, when even's hour
The day hath closed ; that then may rise
The evening's grateful sacrifice.

And though of pious hearts but few
There are, who love Thy courts to view,
Still Thou art there, to hear, to bless,
To grant to them full happiness.

From Angels bright, the heavenly host,
Which see Thy Face, and love Thee most,
And seem 'mid Thy effulgence lost,

E'en to the flower, that closes round
Its little petals, all are found
Ready to sing Thy praise. The stars,
Those silver, twinkling, rolling cars
That seem to bear, with purpose high,
Each a good angel through the sky ;
Haste to add all their minstrelsy.
The moon the vesper-hymn doth ope ;
Arrayed in her dark blue cope,
With silver edge embroidered fair :
In all the hymn the heavens share,
The stars' great chorus, glittering bright,
And long-tailed comet's rapid flight,
The planets' solemn courses vast,
All in harmonious concert haste
To sing Thy praise.

The Linnet.

SING thy sweet song, thou gentle bird,
Beneath the arching sky,
And when we have thy sonnet heard,
Then thou away shalt fly.

To thy dear mate, thou linnet sweet,
Thy warbling song still sing;
Again the thrilling notes repeat,
Joy to her heart to bring.

Oh hear the song, ye anxious poor !
List to the linnet's strain,
See, how from GOD is all his store,
His dwelling and his gain :

See how he, with a merry heart,
For ever trusts in Him ;
In this, like angels', is his part ;
Like their's, his constant hymn.

Providence.

THROUGHOUT the world, whene'er we roam,
Whate'er our lot, where'er our home,
 Our GOD is ever near.

If o'er the roaring seas we sail,
And drive before th' impetuous gale,
 There doth His Power appear.

Or if, upon the desert's sand,
Far from our own dear native land,
 In solitude we seem ;

There doth His right Hand still sustain,
Mid joy or sorrow, ease or pain,
 Far more than e'er we deem.

Shall we to Heaven ascend, or go
Down to the depths of Hell below,
 Or on the wings of morn

Take flight, and dwell beyond the sea ?
Thither His Hand our guide shall be,
 His Voice our hearts shall warn.

Blessings of Nature and Grace.

OF NATURE.

PRAISE th' Eternal LORD, my soul !
 May His dear praise from pole to pole,
 In incessant raptures roll !

Hallelujah !

'Tis He hath made creation vast ;
 Where orbs on orbs for ever haste
 To do His Will, with glory graced.

Hallelujah !

By Him was made the star-decked night,
 The ever-varying moon's pale light,
 Sailing amid the infinite.

Hallelujah !

'Twas He Who made the glowing east,
 When morning bids us cease from rest,
 And the sun comes in radiance drest.

Hallelujah !

And He hath set the sun his course,
 Which, like a mighty, proud war-horse,
 Is clad with majesty and force.

Hallelujah !

The vales with wood and water fair,
 The snow-topped mountains gleaming far,
 His praises singing, tell His care.

Hallelujah !

Nature is full of Him ; His Hand
 Is seen in every grain of sand,
 Throughout each age, in every land.

Hallelujah !

Burst into joy, ye woods ! and tell
 His Glory ; let each vale, each dell,
 Each plain and mount, the chorus swell.

Hallelujah !

OF GRACE.

THE LORD of Mercy praise, my soul !
 Who hath restored what Satan stole,
 Who hath revived and made thee whole.

Hallelujah !

For dead thou wast, and worse than dead,
 In heavy chains a captive led,
 Yet He Himself for thee hath bled.

Hallelujah !

For thou hadst wandered from the fold,
 Wast lost amid the mountains cold,
 But He hath loved, with love untold.

Hallelujah !

Back on His shoulders, He hath brought
The sheep that He had lost, and sought,
And with His own dear Blood hath bought.

Hallelujah !

He, from on high, His SPIRIT gave
To heal with the baptismal wave,
And with His Blood our souls to lave.

Hallelujah !

But who shall reckon all His love ?
'Tis higher than the heaven above,
More deep and wide, than thought can rove.

Hallelujah !

Blest be Thy Name, O JESUS dear !
Of me, I pray, a temple rear,
Where praise may dwell throughout the year.

Hallelujah !

There make my heart an altar meet,
To offer incense pure and sweet,
A sacrifice in every beat.

Hallelujah !

The Harebell.

UPON a bank
Where willows hung,
And bent, and drank
From the stream that ran along,

A harebell rung
Its tiny bell,
And ever sung
To the ripples as they fell.

Thus GOD doth place
In every flower
A lovely grace,
Sweetly changing every hour.

Then raise the mind
To heaven on high ;
And we shall find
In these, emblems of the sky,

Whose constant song
Unweariedly
Through ages long
Shall thus rise incessantly.

A Cradle Hymn.

REST, my sweet child,
 Gently sleep ;
 For angels mild
 Vigil keep.

May they defend
 Thee, my love,
 And peace descend
 From above,

Soft as the dews
 Of sweet eve,
 When the bright hues
 Of day leave.

May happy dreams,
 Gentle one,
 Like morning beams
 Of the sun,

Light thy dear face
 With a smile,
 Of simple grace
 Free from guile.

The Martyrs.

LET others sing of earthly wars,
 Of heroes and their thundering cars :
 Be mine to sing the Martyrs' glorious fight,
 Their battles, their renown,
 Their victories, their crown,
 Their everlasting joy within the realms of light.

With joyful countenance, and gay,
 To die for CHRIST they haste away ;
 Nor heed the poor, vain world, its joys or woes :
 Unto their endless home,
 Longing at length to come,
 Heeding nor bitter scorn, nor savage deadly blows.

The heathen cry, “ Hence, hence away
 With them ! nor let them longer stay
 To darken this fair earth ; away with them !
 Let us their courage see,
 Their boasted constancy,”
 Then, to the lions' mouths, the martyrs meek condemn.

When they, as torches to illume
 The night, in pitched cloths consume ;
 No murmur 'scapes their lips, nor sad lament :
 Far above earth they soar,
 Nor fear the dreadful roar
 Of hearts malicious and on cruel murder bent.

The weakest oft the strongest prove ;
 (Such the great might of holy love ;)
 The gentlest virgins mock the tempter's power ;
 The aged, feeble saint
 Bowed down with years, and faint,
 With glorious fortitude supports th' impetuous shower.

Oh let us raise the joyful song
 To Him, who gave, 'mid torments long,
 To crush the foe, who seemed to triumph then ;
 Whose head was bruised before
 By Him, Whom we adore ;
 And now the holy saints renew the bitter pain.

Weave then for CHRIST of lilies rare,
 And ruddy roses, sweet and fair,
 A beauteous garland, to adorn the feast ;
 In which each saint shall share,
 Who on the wings of prayer
 And holy love, hath flown to be sweet JESUS' guest.

The Abbeys.

DWELLINGS of love, and heavenly purity !
 Why do ye sad, and desolate remain ?
 Why on your walls do we the green moss see,
 Where once the wearied, anxious soul did flee
 The world's enticements, joys, and bitter pain.

To glut the spoiler, to increase his power,
 Ye perished, in vain hearts sigh and mourn
 For your retreats, when in temptation's hour,
 Refuge from sin, and from th' impending shower,
 They seek ; for ye from our dear Church are torn.

Yet some remains, to tell what once ye were,
 Ye have, but crumbling to the dust around,
 Oft are ye kept with superstitious care,
 As beauteous ruins, not as haunts of prayer,
 And places where the holy saints were found.

Sweet Kirkstall ! once the limpid, winding Aire
 Heard thy sweet bells, thy vesper hymn and chant ;
 But now, where are these sounds, alas ! ah, where ?
 There stands the hanging arch by angels' care,
 But where are thy sweet bells with praises jubilant ?

Or where is now the prayer, that once arose
 Far through the pillared nave and arched aisle ?
 Or where the Saints ? they meekly now repose,
 Freed from the world and from their ravening foes,
 Yet perhaps they linger near their once-loved pile.

And Bolton too, wrapped in the Wharfe's wide arms,
Thou still remainest, beauteous as before ;
Yet where are now thy saints' blest holy charms,
Who in the valley, far from earth's alarms,
Laid up in heaven their everlasting store.

Alas ! where once the holy Altar stood
Is desolate—yet nature seeks to keep
The hallowed place from sinners bold and rude,
And there has caused an elder tree to bud,
And overhang the place, and hanging weep.

And thou, too, Fountains, with thy " cloistral shade,"
Gloomy and long, embosomed in the woods,
Mother of Kirkstall ! where Cistercians prayed
Round thy great altar, mid the forest glade,
Fair is thy refuge, Abbey of the Floods !

The Heavens.

The heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.—Ps. xix. 1.

GLORY to Thee, O LORD, be given,
 That thou hast built the vault of Heaven,
 Where gem-like stars incessant burn,
 And round their suns revolving turn.

Oft have I gazed upon the sight,
 With awe, with wonder, and delight,
 Till trembling fear hath seized my mind,
 Half conscious, yet half undefined ;

When I have thought how, round the sun,
 Worlds upon worlds their courses run ;
 How suns, in systems rolling, seem,
 Like jewelled points, from heaven to beam ;

How systems upon systems gleam
 Pale as an evanescent dream ;—
 Till gazing upwards o'er and o'er
 I think, till I dare think no more :

For then I feel how infinite
 Art Thou ; for as a little mite
 That sparkles in the sun's bright ray,
 Or to Eternity a day,

Are these to Thee, O Mighty One !
Eternal Three, Whose glorious Throne
Is Heaven, bright with burning fires,
Where Angels, on melodious lyres,

Sing high to Thee their endless song :
From orb to orb, re-echoing long,
The hymn is borne, majestic, high,
Through the vast vaultings of the sky ;

Till all the mighty systems reel
To hear that sweet, celestial peal,
And haste to join th' eternal song,
And evermore Thy praise prolong.

An Evening Hymn.

THE day is past, the star-decked beauteous night
 Hath covered all things o'er with twinkling light;
 And Thou hast added still another day:
 Ah, pardon then, dear LORD, and blot away
 Each sinful thought and act, each evil word,
 Nor let Thy holy Angel these record:

Remember not the follies of my youth,
 But lead me onward in the paths of truth,
 Save me from Satan's and the world's great strength,
 And from myself;—and lead me, till at length,
 Safe in Thy blessed Arms, I yield my breath,
 And find in Thee sure refuge in my death.

Grant me, O LORD, I pray, while here on earth,
 Mindful of my great heaven-descended birth *
 To live;—Oh that ever-during love,
 Each thought, each word, each deed might soar above
 This sublunary world, till I in Thee,
 Might, lost in love-seraphic, ever be.

* Ἐὰν μὴ τις γιννηθῇ ἀνωθεν, ὃν δύναται ἴδειν τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ Θεοῦ.—S. JOHN iii. 3.

The Kingdom of Christ.

SING, sing, Oh sweetly sing,
GOD the LORD Almighty reigneth ;
 He is King, He is King,
 Sorrow no more remaineth.

Shout, shout, ye heavenly powers,
Bring sweet incense 'fore His Throne,
 Oh scatter, scatter flowers,
 Your LORD your Monarch own.

Seize, seize, your golden lyre,
Fill the heavens with songs of praise ;
 Higher, and yet still higher,
 Your song of triumph raise.

See how the woods, the hills,
And snow-topt mountains sing ;
 Nature with rapture thrills,
 New born to endless spring.

The Holy Angels.

How shall a human tongue declare
The holy bliss that angels share?
How can an earthly mind conceive
The holy life that Angels live?

O LORD, from earth my mind do free,
That blessed Angels may with me
Sweet converse have, that I may learn
With high Angelic love to burn;

That I may tell their numbers, LORD,
Their prompt obedience to Thy Word,
Where 'mid the realms of boundless space,
Millions on millions have their place.

Yet here on earth, with tender care,
They ministering spirits are,
That watch the poor man's dying bed,
And ease his beating, aching head.

Who holy thoughts from heaven instil,
Which like the trickling mountain-rill,
Whose purling stream first glides along,
A silken thread, the grass among :

Then gathering strength, the streamlet swells,
And 'mid the verdant, flowery dells,
A river runs;—then to the sea,
A full and wide-spread æstuary.

Thus holy thoughts, though weak at first,
At length in heavenly raptures burst,
And fill the earth; and then the sky
Rings with angelic minstrelsy.

The Angels.

Who maketh His Angels spirits ; His Ministers a flaming fire.—
Ps. civ. 4.*

To the sparkling fountains,
To the sun-tipped mountains,
 Haste away, haste away.

Fill with living motion
Earth, and air, and ocean,
 Evermore, evermore.

Where the dark wave dashes,
Where the billow washes
 The bare rock, the bare rock,

Curb the storm's wild raging,
Where its war is waging
 With the deep, with the deep.

Now when all rejoices,
And the tuneful voices
 Of all things, of all things,

Swell with holy gladness ;
When bitter, bitter sadness
 Flies afar, flies afar,

* See Newman's Parochial Sermons, vol. ii.—S. Michael's day.

Let us join the chorus
Of nature here before us,
 Blessing GOD, blessing GOD:

Thus let us with singing
Make a fit beginning
 Of our work, of our work:

Praising GOD for ever
In our sole endeavour
 To obey, to obey.

Oh how great the wonder
That men seldom ponder
 On His Love, on His Love!

That such slight desiring
Of happiness untiring,
 Should be their's, should be their's.

While with adoration,
And silent contemplation,
 They should bow, they should bow.

*Ἐπὶ πῆμα καὶ χαρὰ
πᾶσι κυκλῶσιν, οἶον ἄρ—
κτου στροφάδες κέλευθον.*

SOPH. TRACH. 129.

WHEN Winter's snows lie deepest,
And frost enchains the land,
The springtide oft is nearest ;
And then, with lavish hand,
Sweet Spring, with dew-bright flowers,
Bejewels all the ground,
And sparkling, gushing fountains
Fresh verdure spread around.

Or when the night is darkest,
The morn begins to break,
And cometh forth all smiling
With many a crimson streak ;
And gloomy night departeth
To caverns dark and drear,
When the golden sun appeareth,
Fair nature's face to cheer.

When the rolling, awful thunder
Fills the breast with solemn fear,
And when the murky rain-clouds
Shed many a glistening tear,
Then when the storm is highest
Full oft the bow is seen,
The herald of sweet promise,
All crimson, gold, and green.

Or when the clouds of even
In volumes high are piled,
And, gloomy is the prospect,
O'er sea, and wood, and wild ;
Oft does the sun's rich splendour
Break through the gathering shroud,
And tinge with golden brightness,
The dense and gloomy cloud,

Or when that constellation,
That circles round the star
Which in the North shines brightly,
King Charles' royal car,
In lowest place is sinking,
It quickly soars again ;
So quickly joy and gladness
Succeed to fear and pain.

And so, while this life lasteth,
Will joy succeed to pain,
And sprightliness to sadness,
Successor will remain :
When pain the mind distracteth,
And troubles gather nigh,
Oh let us then with meekness
Remember GOD on high.

For He has given in nature,
These holy lessons true,
And he that runs may read them,
The same, yet ever new.
And yet our souls to humble
And calm our buoyantness,
Oh! let us still remember,
How pain oft follows bliss.

Peace.

PURPLING the sky, and falling slow,
Eve gently comes;
Ah, may we, LORD, Thy coming know,
Calling to bright, eternal homes
E'en us below.

Translation of the “*Stabat Mater*.”

NEAR the Blessed JESUS dying,
 Stood the Virgin weeping, sighing,
 By the Cross of bitter pain ;
 Through whose breast, with sorrow heaving
 Passed the sword, her spirit cleaving,
 Yet her future, glorious gain.

Ah ! how sad and sore distressèd,
 Was the pure, and ever-blessèd
 Mother of th' eternal GOD ;
 In His pains and sorrow sharing
 When she saw Him sad, and bearing
 His blest FATHER'S heavy rod.

When one saw so sorely laden
 Her, the holy gentle maiden,
 Who would not deeply sorrow ?
 Who is there, who in her sadness
 Would not sympathize with gladness
 And plenteous tears would borrow ?

Bearing for His sinful nation,
 His FATHER's wrathful indignation,
 She sees His stupendous woes ;
 Sees Him dying and forsaken,
 (Whose pure Flesh from her's was taken)
 While His bleeding Head He bows.

Son* of Mary, Fount of union !
 Of Thy sorrows, the communion,
 Make me, dearest LORD, to share ;
 Grant that I, Thy sorrows knowing,
 With pure love to Thee, LORD, glowing,
 To approach Thy Feet may dare.

Into my heart entrance making,
 May the Cross, sin's kingdom shaking,
 Then abide there evermore.
 Thou, Who didst Thy Body offer,
 And such pains for sinners suffer ;
 Sympathy upon me pour :

Grant that I, with Mary weeping,
 Thy blest Feet in tears fresh steeping,
 Till this mournful life is past,
 Taking at the Cross my station,
 May join Mary's lamentation,
 And in Thee, LORD, rest at last.

Of virgins she, O LORD, the purest,
 Sorrow now for Thee endurest,
 For Thee, with her, let me grieve.
 Grant that I may bear Thy dying
 In my body, there denying
 Self, until this world I leave.

* Altered to the end.

CHRIST! so wounded and so hated!
With Thy Cross inebriated,

SON of GOD, make me, I pray:
Then when this world's course is ended,
I may be by Thee defended
In that dread and awful day.

JESUS! grant, when death shall sever
Me from earthly things for ever,

To gain the palm of conquest;
When my body fast is sinking,
May my soul with angels linking,
In paradise for ever rest.

Night.

I.

How sweet the peaceful scene ! all nature rests :
 Man in his home, and birds in airy nests,
 The clouds upon the distant dim-seen hills,
 And murmur on the tinkling, rippling rills.
 How beautiful ! how exquisitely fair !
 And, Oh how soothing the scarce-stirring air !
 Full is my heart ! glory and honour be
 Through all eternity, dear LORD, to Thee.

II.

There rides the glorious moon on silver clouds ;
 And glittering stars burn now in lessening crowds
 Before her full-orbed light ;—she rides apace
 Upon the rolling clouds her wonted race,
 Calm and majestic, pouring light on all,
 Rock, tree, or stream, or bounding waterfall :
 Thus calm and gentle is the grace that beams
 From Holy Church, in love's all-bounteous streams.

III.

No sound is on the ear, save that the breeze
 Bids the still forests sing soft harmonies :
 Or some night-insect, humming by, awakes
 A transient echo in the tangled brakes ;
 Or the dark fir-tree drops its rugged cones,
 Or the clear riv'let ripples o'er the stones ;
 Yes, all is still, and night hath bid to cease
 All earthly sounds, except these sounds of peace.

The Anemone.

AH ! fairy flower, like spirit meek and bright,
Thou spreadst thy beauties over woods and dales,
Light as the wind, and fanned by joyous gales,
Which round thee love to play with fond delight :
And gentle Angels stop their heaven-ward flight,
And love to visit England's happy vales,
Where thou art telling out instructive tales ;
For thou art meet for their pure, holy sight.
Let us not doubt that Angels hover near,
And that bright flowers to them are given to paint :
When we see thus how like to Heaven these live,
How like to Heaven their beauties all appear ;
In some stamped deep, in others slight and faint,
Yet all the same deep, holy lesson give.

Wood Sorrel.

ON gently sloping bank the sorrel grows,
And spreads its triple leaf, bright, green, and fair,
Its tender stems pale florets gladly bear ;
O'er which fond Nature plenteous beauty throws,
And through the fairy veins soft colour flows,
Which paints the thin, transparent petals rare ;
While to preserve it seems an Angel's care,
To shield it, when the boisterous North-wind blows.
So in the wild, great " Antony the good "
By angel-hands was tended, like this flower :
And like its life was his so calm and pure ;
While Arian horrors poured in like a flood,
He stood with Athanasius in that hour,
And made by his bright life, the Faith more sure.

The Lily of the Valley.

LOVELIEST of Flowers, sweet Lily of the Vale,
That far from mortal gaze so lowly dwelling
Shrink'st 'neath thy dark green leaf, which kindly swelling,
A verdant dome spreads o'er thy bells so pale
That ring celestial music to the gale,
How sweet the moral thou art ever telling !
Where thou o'erhangs't the fountain pure and welling :
Yes, beautiful is thy fair heaven-taught tale.
For thou resemblest modest ones, I ween,
Who shrink instinctively from earth's rude gaze ;
And having washed in the baptismal flood,
And been partakers of their SAVIOUR's Blood ;
Their souls to Heaven in ardent raptures raise,
And hid in GOD, no more on earth are seen.

The Fall of the Angels.

I.

FAR o'er the everlasting plains of heaven
 Two armies stood, innumEROus as the stars,
 And peace from Heaven's high courts seemed well-nigh
 riven

By the tumultuous thundering of their cars :
 For not like earth's were Heaven's terrific wars ;
 But far as Heaven does this small globe excel,
 And far as mighty lions surpass rude bears
 In force majestic and in courage fell,
 So do angelic powers weak men on earth that dwell.

II.

A host of rebels one, and led with skill
 By a proud Form, that yet of Heaven partook ;
 But o'er his features gleamed a haughty will
 That would not aught of mild restraint e'er brook,
 But full of proud disdain was every look.
 Dark, yet majestic was his shape, and tall,
 That ne'er with pallid fear or terror shook,
 But firmly stood, like adamantine wall,
 And like a giant tree towered above them all.

III.

Firm on his head he bore his heavy helm,
 His crest a fiery serpent curled on high,
 His spear seemed fit a host to overwhelm,
 And his bright shield reflected all things nigh ;
 And from his wings, whene'er he wished to fly,
 Pale lambent flames fast issued, like the fire
 Of soft Aurora in the Northern sky,
 Which through the gathering clouds, dim portents dire
 Shews to the gazing world, approaching ever nigher.

IV.

And as he marched along his hosts before,
 With his stern step he made the heavenly ground,
 As with an earthquake, tremble evermore.
 Then all his army gathered quick around,
 (Like roaring wild beasts seemed their dreadful sound,)
 And raised a loud and fierce defying shout,
 Which made the everlasting hills rebound,
 For numberless as Autumn leaves that rout,
 Or ripples by the sea, by fierce winds tossed about.

V.

The other host, by holy Michael led,
 Shone like the sun's bright beams upon the sea,
 When each fair ripple light doth quick o'erspread,
 And every wavelet gleams resplendently ;
 High was their stature, bold each thought and free,
 Their numbers as the glistening grains of sand,
 Which on some far-extended shore we see ;
 Bright was each countenance and nobly bland,
 And all with ready hearts, obeyed their chief's command.

VI.

He glorious stood, and bid his hosts advance,
 And furious charge upon their deadly foes ;
 While terror sprang from out his golden lance,
 And his bright helm with sudden lustre glows ;
 Then he, on high, his flashing sabre throws,
 Bearing on his left arm a red-cross shield,
 And with his flaming sword he swiftly mows
 Hosts of his foes upon the hard-fought field :
 Some quickly turn to flight, and some with terror yield.

VII.

To a great castle raised by cunning art,
 That here on earth below is known as Pride,
 The rebel host with swiftness now depart,
 And there their wicked deeds they think to hide.
 So mighty was it, that one scarce could ride
 Its spacious towers about, in six days' space ;
 Its shining brazen walls were built so wide,
 That sixty chariots could together race :
 Six hundred iron towers enclosed this wicked place.

VIII.

When here the rebels had together met,
 And in deep consultation quickly spoke,
 A gathering cloud, portentous, black as jet,
 Hung o'er them, darkening quick, and lastly broke :
 Then streaming fire, and volumes black of smoke,
 Curl round the castle, while swift lightnings play :
 For vengeance long delayed at length awoke,
 And turned to blackest night the joyous day ;
 And 'fore it Pride's high castle swiftly melts away.

IX.

Down to the deepest depths of lowest hell,
 Were all the hosts and their great castle sent ;
 Like rolling volumes of black smoke they fell,
 And there receivèd their due punishment,
 Where fearful pains, with horrors ever blent,
 Pierce these immortal ones with fearful woe ;
 Where hope and joy from them for aye is rent,
 And while eternal ages onward flow
 Burning yet unconsumed, they dwell in hell's fierce glow.

The Elect.

A SONNET.

As rays innumEROus from the setting sun,
That sparkle on the glowing ocean's breast,
Whose rippling waters seek in vain for rest ;
Or twinkling stars in midnight's dark-blue noon ;
Or falling snow-flakes silvered by the moon ;
Or myriad sprays in jewelled hoar-frost drest
Which in cold winter forms a beauteous crest ;
Or as the tints that o'er the rainbow run ;
Or trembling dew-drops, which in morning seen,
Blaze like bright diamonds or as rubies glow,
Gold like the topaz, or like emerald green,
Or like the ever-changing opal's flow :
So numberless the saints, who, soaring high,
Haste to Eternal Mansions in the sky.

Sunset.

O LORD, how glorious are Thy Works !

"TIS glorious to mark the burning West,
When the bright sun hath well-nigh run his race;
To watch the glowing tints on Nature's face,
When even comes, sweet time of peaceful rest;
And when high heaven dons his fiery vest,
To gaze with rapture at each changing grace,
And each light-painted cloud's career to trace,
Each shadowing out the glories of the blest;
Until the heart beats quick with gushing joy,
And memory stores each golden treasure dear,
Feeling that Nature's scenes can never cloy,
Though time's rough hand may deaden or destroy,
Yet can it ne'er away these visions bear,
Still will they sweet return with each returning year.

A Sleeping Child.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for I say unto you, that in Heaven their Angels do always behold the face of My FATHER Which is in Heaven.—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

LOVELY is the pleasant stream ;
Sweet the placid moon's pale beam ;
Glorious is the heaven's deep blue,
Mildly beautiful its hue ;
Lovely is the pleasant shade,
Deep within the forest glade ;
Beautiful the flowers that blow
'Mid the verdant grass below ;
Lovely, beautiful, and bright,
Is a star's clear, twinkling light ;
And, as fair as glistering star,
Frost-work and the crystal spar ;
Lovely these :—yet, lovelier far
Than frost-work fair, or trembling star,
Or flowers, or trees, or flowing stream,
Or heaven's deep blue, or moon's pale beam,
Is the smile of sleeping child,
Ere by sin it is defiled ;
Placid, calm, and heavenly fair
Is the beauty gathered there :

Beauteous is the dark-blue eye,
Sparkling like the morning sky,
Lovely, gentle, pure, and mild,
Of a little, simple child :
Angels whisper words of love,
Opening visions from above ;
With soft sleep its eyelids closing,
Watching by it while reposing :
Then, whene'er its rosy face*
Dimples with a smiling grace,
We may deem that Angels tell
Holy thoughts ineffable :
Oh ! how beautiful and sweet,
Is each grace that there we meet :
Truly, where the babe has been,
By its heavenly smile is seen.†

* A belief of the Irish.

† Namely at the Font, and so in the very Presence of Heaven.—But see Newman's Parochial Sermons, Vol. II., On the minds of little children.

Farewell to College.

DEAR the thoughts that ye have given,
 Deep and stirring, full of heaven,
 Dear College walls !
 How oft my heart beats when the sight
 Of multitudinous robes of white
 To worship calls.

When, far from your dear solemn calm,
 The thought of you shall be as balm
 My soul to cheer :
 Then sweet will recollection be ;
 And stored within my memory
 Ye shall be dear.

Farewell, ye walls ! Saint John's, farewell !
 And thou, Saint Mary's compline bell,
 Whose solemn swell
 Each night doth bid the spirit rise,
 And, Angel-watched, rest 'mid the skies,
 Farewell, Farewell !

THE END.

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